

THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

"THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHOWERED ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR."—JACKSON.

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POETRY.

FOND WORDS.

Fond words from those most cherished,
How sweet, how sweet their power!
They seem like notes melodious
From Heaven's celestial bower:
Their sound still lingering ever
Around life's chequered way,
No time can e'er disperse—
They leave a hallowed ray.

How often through this pathway
Of hope and chilling fears,
I've sighed for some kind spirit,
To dry my flowing tears!
For when the heart seems broken,
And all is sad and lone,
One word of fondness spoken,
Can soothe each mournful tone!

Then, where can hearts desponding
A balm or solace find?
Oh, we shall find it ever
In a sympathizing mind!
One word of fondness spoken,
Re-kindles love and peace—
Even constancy's blest token,
Their power can never cease!

From the Flag of our Union.

THE POOR ITALIAN FOUNDER.

A Legendary Story of the Silvery Chime of Limerick.

BY FALCONBARTINGE.

Poor Pat, we never think of bells but
We are reminded of his chime—

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of rhyme
To the tir-tir-ulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells!"

There is an endless theme for the mind
And pen in the harmony and history of
bells. Their paternity, and the original-
ity of the pyramids, is hidden in the dust
of ages, while the popularity of their in-
vention and application has suffered no
diminution by the lapse of time; they
have a poetic, everlasting tie to our ear.
First recollections, for the homely chime
of the village church of our boyhood still
haunts us in our sleeping and waking
hours;—visiting the shipwrecked mariner
upon the desolate coast; the traveller in
the far-off wilderness; the soldier in com-
fortless camps, and the poor prisoner in
his cell, like blissful harbingers bidding
them, if but for a fleeting moment, be
innocent and happy again. We often
wish that the great spirit of invention
would create some substitute for the ple-
beian purposes to which bells are now
applied. The huge "pot metal" affairs of
factories, fire-engine towers, and ambi-
tious rural churches.

"In the startled ear of (noon of night,
How they seem out their afflict!
Too much hurried to speak,
They a only shriek, shriek,
Out of (all manner of time."

Until the ear, soul, senses become so
appalled at the very sound of bells, that
the "prince" of campanologists with the
most melodious chime this side of St.
Mary's tower, Limerick, would almost
fail to arouse the appetite to such a ban-
quet—as they are wont to offer the ear
and soul of melody. But of these—"Limer-
ick's chime"—we have a story.

Centuries ago—so far back into the
dim and dark vista of by-gone ages, that
history becomes nearly a ghost-like out-
line of primity fact—Fazio Fronti,
a poor young artisan in the small foundry
of the small villa of Mazza-torti, toiled
and dreamed over the hobby of his heart—
the ignis fatuus of his fate—a chime
of bells.

Fazio was a bell caster; his master
was a famed founder of bells, but the
young man's ambition soared to cast a
complete chime that should not only as-
tonish the master of Mazza-torti himself,
but reap the admiration of the world of
chimes, and win for him the dizzy height
which the mad ambition of the world so
sighs for—the perdition of *par excellence*!
And this dream he nursed for years, and
in silence and patient pride wrought his
purpose out.

It was a gala day, and the villagers of
Mazza-torti, well dressed in their gayest
attire, were on the eve of festivity and
pleasure, and with a heart of joy and a
face of doubt and trembling, the young
artisan sought the abode of the master
founder, and begged, as a favor, that he
would honor his abode—in an obscure
and remote section of the village—with
his presence.

"Signor," said the young artisan, "I
have cast a bell, I wish you to hear it
chime."

"Holy St. Iago!" exclaimed the master,
"is it a mere bell thou wouldst have me
hear? I've no time; this is not a business
day, my good lad. Let's to pleasure;
never mind thy bell; go to, amuse thyself;
let work alone for the day."

"But, signor, mine is no common bell,
or I would not dare to ask the master of
Mazza-torti's foundry to hear it chime."

"The youth is mad," said the master
founder to himself, "but I'll humor his
fancy; he's a good workman, and it will
cost but a moment of my gala time."

"Go on, Fazio, I'll hear thy bell."

In course of a few minutes, master and
man stood under the roof of the humble
abode of the young founder. Suspended
from a stout beam, some ten feet from
the earth, Fazio had suspended a bell,
not so large, indeed, as to attract any
wonder from the master founder of Maz-
za-torti, but so exquisitely wrought and
polished in finish that the master threw
up his hands at the threshold of Fazio's
abode, and exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! Well done, by St. Iago, well
done, boy."

"But hear it chime, master," said Fazio,
jumping upon a high form and rap-
ping the bell gently with an iron baton.

"Ding—ding—dong, ding, ding, ding,
ding!"

The master bell-founder of Mazza-torti
fell back amazed!

"Holy Virgin! 'tis silver!"

"O no, master, that were not possible;
all Mazza-torti would not furnish me
metal so precious to cast my chime!"

"I were unblest else, boy, but that
thy bell is silver; give me thy clapper—
(and hitting the bell more vigorously than
his workman, the melodious tones again,
in increased rapture smote the air)—
Ding-g-g-g, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding, dingle, dingle, ding, ding-g-g-g!"

And there stood the entranced bell-
founder with his iron baton, hammering
away at the almost celestial chime of his
workman, while that person, unobserved
to his master, disappeared and soon re-
turned with a fellow-workman, bearing
another bell of the same unique work-
manship as the first, but of a much larger
size, and with despatch they swung it
to the beam, and the amazed master was
desired to try its tone. He struck the
fine bell a blow, and cried out:

"Arc Maria!" He stood aghast. Did
he dream?

"Strike again, good master," said Fazio,
as himself and two others brought in
yet another bell of the glorious chime,
and under the influence of his almost su-
pernatural senses, the master founder of
Mazza-torti continued his raps and rolls
of the iron baton on the magic bells, un-
til six of these peerless chimes were
strung within arm reach of the grand
performer.

And all the inhabitants of Mazza-torti
flocked thither, for it was in vain that
the distant chime of the old moss
covered tower and revered bells of St.
Iago rang their peans upon the soft air of
the Italian morn, or that the gay retinue
of festive decorations adorned the wonted
spot where the revellers basked in gaiety
and shade. As the multitude augmented,
the fervor of the master founder seemd
to increase. He rang out now the merry
festive and the marriage peal, and then
the sombre and slow chants of death pro-
cession, making those of the gay throng
stand in groups of solemn awe—stun-
ned like statues.

Ceasing, from sheer exhaustion, his
companion laborers, the master founder
threw his arms about the neck of the
workman and wept in joy, for he was
not inclined to envy his poor journey-
man—damp his genius with wet blankets
of faint praise, or find flaws to peck at
in the art of his head and hands. He
wept, and in the face of the throng de-
clared:

"Thy sweet bells, Fazio, will make
thee glory and wealth; Mazza-torti's found-
er never cast such bells as these, nor all
Italy before ever heard such chimes! St.
Iago! said the master gazing at the bells,
"how, Fazio, hast thou found time, how
hast thou found this precious—precious
metal to cast thy bells? 'Tis wonderful!
—wonderful!"

And the old man stood off musingly,
exclaiming: "Wonderful—wonderful!"

And the live long day the throng in-
creased, coming from hill and mountain,
valley and plain—the shepherd leaving
his flocks, the beggar his crutch, the
housewife and the servants their "du-
ties," and the noblesse their dignity and
pride—to mingle in the common audito-
ry around the humble abode of Fazio
Fronti, and drink the silvery harmony
of his matchless bells. It was a great
day—an advent of greater importance to
the quiet and peaceful, the secluded vil-
lage of Mazza-torti, than even the great-
est day in the calendar of festivities and
gala isms! The remote, obscure place
was to be great in fame's annals; the poor
artisan was to be lifted from the obscu-
rity and depression of poverty and toil to
a niche of honor, glory and profit! And
the name of the humble Fazio Fronti—
unknown, unhonored and unsung—was
now in the mouths of all—the theme of
tongues. The silvery chime brought men
from afar, and the hut of Fazio became
the temple of conversation for musical
Solons of the surrounding country. It
was apparent that the artistic formation
of these bells, though unique, was not
wonderful; but their rich tone indicated
such purity of metal, as none other than
silver could accord; and this fact not only
begat much inquiry, but many doubts and
suspicions of the mode and manner by
which these charmed bells came so un-
heard-of into the world, and into the pos-
session of one so humble and obscure.

But this was Fazio's secret. The

bells were there, they were his own; he
cast them, how or when, it mattered not;
he was a bell caster. He showed them
his implements, his rude smelting fur-
nace, and his temporary and laborious
means by which he did the work; the char-
acter of the metal was new and wonder-
ful to them. Fazio claimed it was a
grand discovery of his own, and so it
was.

The story and sublimity of these bells
reached the ears of a powerful monastery
conclave of monks and their noble pat-
rons, in the mountains of Vieto Vecchia,
and at once a deputation awaited upon
the artisan to hear his chime and learn
his terms.

"Three thousand piastres! Holy Vir-
gin! art mad?"

"O no, holy father!" responded the
humble artisan; "my bells will weigh
down fifty thousand of thy good piastres,
and their tone is quite as rich as the pi-
astres, holy father."

But thou dost not claim in them metal
pure as silver?"

"I do not; but let my good master of
Mazza-torti's foundry name to thee their
price, if this will satisfy."

"Be it so; let Signor Garvella be called,
and the master founder came. He rendered
unto his late workman the reverence due
exalted genius and worth, and in presence
of the churchly deputation, pronounced
the chime of Fazio peerless, wonderful,
and thrown away at three thousand pi-
astres each. Though astonished at the
sum, they were more so at the rich tone
of the bells, and so the holy men paid
down the three times three thousand pi-
astres, and the bells were theirs. Fazio
Fronti was now a rich man; his old and
good master gave up his trade to the
famed young workman, resting upon the
fruits of long and successful toil, to ad-
mire the genius and the energy of his
protégé.

In course of a few days, arrangements
were completed to remove the chime to
its distant home in the mountains. The
progress of transportation was slow and
tedious, and after many wearisome relays
of animals and men, accidents and delays,
the bells reached the deep, dark valley of
Vieto Vecchia. Upon the top of the
next mountain, some two leagues in the
distance, stood the monastery, whose old
—old bells, harsh now and out of joint,
were ringing in their more noble and ex-
pensive successors. But night threw its
dark mantle over the deep and lonely
valley, and the caravan rested until the
morning, when their last toilsome march
should complete the transportation, and
the silvery chime should be baptized in
the soft fresh air of the ancient monas-
tery on the topmost peak of Vieto Vecchia.

The muletters had unharnessed their
weary animals, gave them provender, as
well as filled their own hungry paunches;
and now upon the ground they deposited
their bodies for the night, leaving a small
guard of the escort on duty during the
lonely vigils betwixt them and morning.

But let us as if by some magical and su-
pernatural contrivance, each bush became a
brigand! Each twig and limb a carbine
or stiletto!

"Holy St. Francis! the brigands!" cried
the guard.

"Not a word," hoarsely answered the
fierce leader of the mountain braves, "not
a word of alarm, or your bones will be
left in the vaults of Father Pietro, on the
top of Vieto Vecchia!" And passing a-
round among the sleepers and the rest of
the dismayed guard, the brigand chief
perilously plied his knotted scarf over their
nearly paralyzed limbs, urging them to
move quickly with the work he had in
view.

Soon the famed chime, under the more
expert escort of the mountain rangers,
was flying rapidly, the poor muletters
and disarmed soldiers knew not whither.

But as dawn returned, and many miles
now stretched out between the valley
and the captors, the brigand chief enter-
tained his unwilling friends handsomely,
then directing their armies to be returned
—saves means of being quickly used again
—he sent them back with a proper guide,
with his compliments to the holy fathers
and the famed founder of these rare bells.

Great was the outcry, search and ex-
pediton following this brigand robbery;
and for weeks and months the hills and
mountains were scourged by armed forces
intent upon the capture and torture of the
sacriligious robbers. But nothing more
transpired to detect the whereabouts of
the brigands or the bells. Some hits
were thrown out that Fazio Fronti was
not altogether ignorant of the fate of his
chime, but the founder put a pall upon
these base suspicions by contributing
freely to the support of the troops and
others who sought the robbers, and even
offered to refund the price given him by
the monks for his chime, if when found,
they declined receiving them again. But
the people talked, and they were suspi-
cious, and they murmured; and Fazio
grew weary and disheartened; and he
wished it had never been his fortune to
cast the glorious chime. He wished him-
self the humble workman he was before
putting his fingers on the forms of his

bells, and dreamed it would be a blissful
thing for him now to be by the side of
his dead and gone master, whose remains
lay tranquilly in the little vaults of the
little monastery of St. Iago. Fazio's
business grew dull; the wheel of his for-
tune was reversed, and all he did now
seemed unprosperous.

Fazio Fronti's wedding, in embryo,
was indefinitely postponed, and the black
eyed maiden of his choice went to her
grave in her purposed bridal robes. He
grew old, not from mere lapse of time,
but from withered hopes and tainted rep-
utation, and a few brief years made the
once famed and fortunate founder of Maz-
za-torti a penniless wanderer!

Fazio Fronti went to Spain, and in
the ancient metropolis of Madrid, he
once more essayed by his art and perse-
verance to rebuild his fortunes; but the
star of his destiny was fixed, unpropit-
ious; and at length age began to decay
his vital powers, and the prematurely old
man sighed to die, if not where his glo-
rious chime could be heard, at least where
their maiden reverberations once smote
the air. With view of returning once
more to his home, he set out in a vessel
from Spain, and, by means of a terri-
ble hurricane, blown off to the distant
seas, and finally rescued, with his fellow-
passengers and the mariners, by an Irish
vessel, bound to Limerick.

It was upon the early morn of a lovely
day, when the vessel dropped anchor in
view of the still and lovely city. Fazio
Fronti, the poor old withered man, had
a presentiment that he must die at
once, if not put on the calm, quiet shore;
and to gratify the poor old Italian, whose
hours, indeed, seemed to the captain
numbered, he set him in a small boat,
with two sailors, to the quay of the har-
bor. Fazio sat quietly musing in the
stern of the little boat; the peals of the
little boat; the peals of many bells smote
upon the ear, and at length another—a
chime rang out—clear, mellow, beauti-
ful. The old man sat bolt upright, his
eyes glistened with a fresh and brilliant
fervency; he begged the seamen to pause
upon their oars; the bells, noble bells,
now pealed loud and thrilling above all
the rest, and the old man clasped his bony
fingers, and casting one look upward, he
exclaimed:

"My bells, my bells! I hear my bells
once more! God, I thank thee, I thank—"
he was dead; the poor fated founder of
the charmed bells ceased to live! Upon
the music of his glorious chime, the soul
of Fazio Fronti floated to heaven.

How or when these bells reached Limer-
ick, and were hung in St. Mary's tower,
history does not inform us. It is sup-
posed that this rare tone is mostly com-
posed of silver, buried treasure found by
the poor young artisan, and secretly
smelted and moulded into this wonderful
and harmonious Limerick chime.

"Do you think so, Col. Jenst?" says
she, and she looked towards Mr. Smith,
and I thought she'd go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really think so."

"Ha, ha, ha—how?" says Mr. Smith,
kinder half laffin, "you're too hard on me
with your jokes."

"I ain't jokin' at all, they're handsum
children and they do look wonderfully
like you."

"Just then a gal brought in a light,
and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't
turn out to be mulattoes, every one of 'em,
and their hair was as curly as the blackest
niggers. Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had
any children, and they sorter of petted
their little niggers as play things. I
never felt so streaked as I did when I see'd
how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the
nasty things I could a got over it; but
kissing on 'em showed that I was in air-
rest, (though I was so-soaped 'em all the
time,) how to get out of the scrape I
didn't know. Mrs. Smith laffed so hard
when she saw how I was confused that
she almost suffocated. A little while
afterwards there was a whole family of
relations arrived there from the city, and
turned the matter off; but next morning
I could see Mr. Smith did not like the
remembrance of what I said, and I don't
believe he'll vote for me when the elec-
tion comes on. I expect Miss Smith
kept the old fellow under that joke for
some time.

A Good One.

Some one mentioned to us the other
day, remarks the Kai-kerbocker, the cir-
cumstances of a fat, querulous fellow,
who was driven from a stage coach by
passengers who he had annoyed with
his growlings and complaints.

A cigar was lighted, when, at a pre-
concerted moment, one of the passengers
exclaimed—

"For heaven's sake, put out that fire!
I have four pounds of gunpowder in my
overcoat pocket!"

"Driver! driver! stop—stop!" cried
the victim of this gunpowder plot. "Let
me out! let me out! there is a man here
with powder in his pockets, and he'll
blow us to the—"

The complainant got out in no small
hurry, and the passengers thenceforth
pursued their way, undisturbed by his
further annoyance.

This anecdote reminds us of an occur-
rence which once took place at the long
and picturesque bridge over Cayuga lake,
that middle western barrier, from which
success or defeat, in time of political ex-
citement, is now predicted.

A wag from Syracuse, who, with some
half dozen friends, had been visiting at
the pleasant and flourishing village of
Seneca Falls, determined on approaching
the toll gate in a sleigh, one stormy night,
to run the bridge.

"Lie down, boys," said he, "and when
we get under the gate, groan a little and
tremble, but don't over do it. Here get
under these horse blankets."

They did so, and when the sleigh came
under the picket draw of the bridge they
began to moan, and shake, so that 't was
pious to see and even to hear.

"I have nothing less than this ten dol-
lar bill," said our wag, handing the gate
keeper a bank note; "but for heaven's
sake, change it quick! I have three friends
in the sleigh, who are almost dead with
the small pox, and I'm—"

"Drive on," said the terrified gatekeep-
er, handing back the bill, "drive on! pay
next time!"

Above the whistling of the snow la-
den wind which swept over the frozen
lake, and the tramping of the horses' feet
on the bridge, the gatekeeper heard the
loud laugh of the wags, proclaiming that
he had been "taken in and done for."

THRICE TO THINE.

A Frenchman whose wife was about to
present him with the fond appellation of
"father," returned to wait the happy mo-
ment; and with some friends to drink
long life and a noble, to the first born.

The punch bowl scattered its bewitching
fumes most prodigally around the com-
pany and anxiety was manifested by all,
when in ran Betty Lightfoot, exclaiming:
Joy, joy, sir! I give you joy.

Vat is he, Betty, vat is he?

A fine boy, sir.

Health to the young Marquis! exclaim-
ed one and bumpers went round.

Betty raised the glass to her lips, when
in rushed the nurse:

Joy, joy, sir, I give you joy!

Vat—vat—is de matter?

A fine girl, sir!

Betty, vat for you say no true?

Oh, said the nurse, a boy first and a
girl afterwards.

Vat—two—von boy—von fille?

Two, sir, added the dame, and swing it
off, when in popped another—

"Sacre!" exclaimed the Frenchman, vat
more joy?

Another fine boy, sir!

Vat the "diable"—von girl—von boy—
von "gercon" tree times!—Mon Dieu! ex-
claimed the poor Frenchman, "By gar,
it will never do. I must go and put a
stop to this!"

A LETTER WORTH READING.

We will back the following piece of
composition against any thing ever pro-
duced. It was written half a century
ago by Sir Royal Roach, a member of the
Irish Parliament, in the "troubled times
of '88," when a handful of Wexford men
struck terror into the hearts of many
gallant sons of Mars, as well as the
worthy writer himself. It was addressed
to a friend in London:

"My dear Sir—Having now a little peace
and quietness, I sit down to inform you
of the dreadful bustle and confusion we
are all in from these bloodthirsty rebels,
most of whom are (thank God!) killed
and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess,
can get nothing to eat nor wine to drink
except whiskey, and when we sit down
to dinner we are obliged to keep both
hands armed. Whilst I write this I hold
a sword in each hand and a pistol in the
other.

I conclude from the beginning that
this would be the end of it, and see I
was right, for it is not half over yet.—
At present there is such going on that
everything is at a stand still. I should
have answered your letter a fortnight ago
but did not receive it until this morn-
ing. Indeed scarcely a mail arrives
safe without being robbed. No longer
ago than yesterday, the coach with the
mails from Dublin was robbed near this
town; the bags that had been judiciously
left behind for fear of accident, and by
good luck there was nobody in it but
two outside passengers, who had nothing
for the thieves to take. Last Thursday
notice was given that a gang of rebels
was advancing here under the French
standard, but they had no collars or any
drums except bigpines. Immediately,
every man in the place, including women
and children ran to meet them. We soon
found our force much too little; we
were too near to think of retreating.

Death was in every face, but to it we
went, and by the time half our little party
was killed, we began to be alive again.
Fortunately the rebels had no guns except
pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty
of muskets and ammunition, we put them
all to the sword. Not a soul of them es-
caped except them that were drowned
in an adjacent bog; and in very short
time, nothing was to be heard but sil-
ence.

Their uniforms were all of different
colors, but mostly green. After the
action we went to rummage a sort of
camp, which they left behind them.
All we found was a few pikes without
heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of
water, and a bundle of French commis-
sions filled with Irish names. Troops
are now stationed all around the country
which exactly squares with my ideas.—
I have only time to add that I am in great
haste.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of
course it must have miscarried; therefore
I beg you to write and let me know.

When neighbor Jones went to dinner
the other day, he found one of his
apprentices in the kitchen, quietly roll-
ing up his sleeves. "What are you go-
ing to do?" said Jones. "Oh, quietly re-
sponded the boy, "I am going to dive
down into the pot to see if I can find the
bean that soup was made from!"

About a month previous to the
election of Gen. Taylor, a mathemat-
ical partizan taking the letters of the
Alphabet at the value resulting from
their places thus: A 1, B 2, &c., found
that letters composing the name "Zach-
ary Taylor," made a total value of 173,
when he concluded that the General
would receive that number of electoral
votes, and curiously enough, the result
proved his conclusion correct.

Now let us see what figures will do
for the great Mygarr. Proceeding as
above, we find the value of the letters
composing "Louis Kosuth" is 189.—
Now try "Euler of Hungary," and lo! they
also give us a total of 189! Now
the words "must and will succeed," at-
taching no value to the character, and as
it is not a letter of the alphabet, and
again we have the magic number 189!
whence we will conclude, nothing, but
trusting the well known reputation of
figures as truth tellers, hope that they
have thus combined to deceive us.—N.
Y. Times.

"Take, is your master a good farmer?"

"O, yes, fust rate farmer—he makes two
crops in one year."

"How is that, Jake?"

"Why, he sell all de hay in de fall
and make money once—den in the spring
he sell de hides ob de cattle dat die for
want ob hay, and make money twice!"

A young gentleman who has just
married a little undersized beauty, says
she would have been taller, but she is
made of such precious materials, that
nature could not afford it. How full of
sugar the honey moon makes one, don't
it? A year from now he'll be swearing
about the house because his'd—fool of
a wife! has been cleaning the cock stove
with his shoe brush.